

army to move to Pocahontas. That day he marched his men fourteen miles and went into camp at Spring Creek. The arrangement was to reinforce Jackson who was to fall back until Echols could join him. They were from nine in the morning until night marching that fourteen miles to the Seneca Trail and had covered but half the distance to the battle ground.

That night messages were received by Echols to the effect that the Federal army was much larger than they had thought at first and that the north was red with camp fires and that there would be a battle the next day where the pike came to the top of the mountain. And this was no night to sleep; so Echols got his forces under way by two in the morning and reached Droop Mountain at nine the same morning. This was a record march. Twenty-eight miles over mountain roads in twenty-four hours is making good time for the first day out. But when they came back that same night they made it in eleven hours. These mountain troops had marched fifty-six miles in forty-two hours and wasted seven hours in fighting a battle. And they were still going strong when they passed through Lewisburg on their way back, for they never even hesitated, Duffie being due there that same morning.

It is no wonder that after General Sam Jones had telegraphed to Richmond that Echol's brigade had been nearly destroyed, that General Echols and his officers should have felicitated themselves on the fact that they had got away practically intact, and that most of those missing men who had been scattered in flight had reported within a day or two for duty.

Edgar's Battalion had been dispatched from Renick over the back road which he held during the fight and he extricated his army without the loss of a suspender button.

Echols reported that the only trophy that the Federals could boast of was the capture of a brass cannon.

I have heard about this cannon all my life. It was a twelve pound brass howitzer. Howitzer from a foreign word meaning sling. This cannon was the pride of the army. The soldiers said that every time it was fired it called for the "First-born!" It had been injured at White Sulphur Springs in that battle the previous summer. In the hurried retirement from the field at Droop Mountain it was attached to the limber and the pintle hook broke. Then it was lashed to the limber and the gun carriage broke down. It was lifted from the gun carriage and placed in the limber chest and the limber broke down under the additional weight and the cannon was then hid in a morass on top of the mountain, such places as are generally referred to as bear wallows. Old soldiers have spoken about this to me and were always on the point of going to hunt for it, but so far as I know it was never found.

Most of us have grown up with the idea that the Confederates neglected to guard their left flank and that they were surprised and flanked and that was the reason that the battle was lost. But a study of the official dispatches on both sides does not bear out this theory. It seems that no less than four detachments were sent against this attack from the west and that the soldiers fought a long and bloody battle in the thick forest and undergrowth on the flat top of the mountain extending for a

mile or more as level as a floor from the fortified places by the pike clear back to the Viney Mountain.

And what is more, instead of being surprised by the flanking movement, a Confederate soldier fired the first rifle shot on that flank. This soldier said that they were lying in the woods watching for the Federal troops to advance and that the first that they saw of them was when a Federal soldier showed his face over a rail fence. "Shot him square between the eyes and he squealed like a pig." This was the first soldier killed at the battle of Droop Mountain.

Colonel Augustus Moor, of the 28th Ohio regiment, and Col. T. M. Harris, of the 10th West Virginia, were the commanding officers who made that fatal and deadly attack on the left flank of the Confederate army and it was not so much finesse as hard knocks that drove the Confederates in upon their center and disorganized the plans so that there was nothing to do but to run.

Moor went the long way round and Harris joined him somewhere near the Dar Place, so named after Abraham Dar, a pioneer. Moor did not move before daylight, as reported, on this encircling effort. He marched down from near Mill Point to Hillsboro before daylight, but he was still at that town at nine o'clock. Then being in plain view of the enemy on top of the mountains, he received orders to go round them and he was in a broad, open country, and the question was how to get out of there without being observed?

He said that he went northwest taking advantage of woods, hollows, rail fences, and every other thing that could hide them. He had his men trail their rifles. He must have struck the Viney Mountain somewhere back of Captain McNeel's for he said that after getting on the mountain that he marched for one hour due south, when he arrived at a fence. The main crest of Droop Mountain runs north and south for more than a mile, but there was continual fighting on the full length of this ridge, 3100 feet in elevation. He says the Confederates raised at this fence at a distance of not more than twenty-five or thirty yards and poured a devastating fire on his men. That this was the critical moment of the day. He intimates that if his men had broken at that surprise the battle would have been lost. The men were commanded to lie down, and in a few minutes Col. Harris's regiment joined him on that top and they went forward, fighting every inch of the way in thick brush. They must have fought it out in the brush for something like a mile, for they finally arrived at the "cleared hill where the rebel artillery was." When Harris came up he passed through Moor's regiment and formed by inversion on his right, and battle front as they moved forward through the woods was very broad. Just behind the Confederate fortifications a road comes in which intersects the Lobelia-Jacox road and this flanking movement debouching from this road added to the horror and confusion of the Confederates.

Moor says that just as he reached the cleared field that the dismounted men joined him on his left and so they took the Confederate works, but as he emerged from the woods the artillery had already limbered up and started for the pike. This accounts for the fact that the Confederates

were able to bring off their batteries, even the piece which demanded the "first-born."

I think that the battle hung in the balance as the fight went on in the flats west of the pike. The Confederate commander knew of the importance of that movement. He sent Captain Marshall's force in there first. It was reinforced by Colonel Thompson and some more companies of the same regiment. Then the Twenty-third Virginia Battalion was ordered into the woods on the extreme left to support Thompson. Then Patton says: "The action became very heavy in that direction." Then Colonel Gibson with four companies of the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry (Cochran's regiment) were ordered into the woods where the killing was going on. And finally a picked body of troops from three companies of the Twenty-second, including Capt. Jim McNeill's Nicholas Blues, were placed under Capt. John K. Thompson and they plunged into the fatal woods and by a desperate charge actually stopped the advance and threw back the front, but the next wave went over them and they got to the pike in time to see the Confederate army streaming out towards Lewisburg and fought a stern chase battle with them for hours.

Capt. John K. Thompson received his third wound in that battle. That was where he lost his eye. He was mentioned in the dispatches for his bravery and his courage. He said that it was the hottest fire that he ever experienced. Captain Thompson lived for many years in Putnam and Mason counties. He was noted for his wisdom and intellectual culture. He was the owner of one of the big farms facing on the Kanawha River. Was marshal for West Virginia, chairman of the Republican party in the State. He never married.

Another West Virginian who was desperately wounded in that battle was John Y. Bassell, sixteen years old.

Captain Marshall and Captain Hutton received honorable mention in the dispatches. Also Lieut. John J. Beard.

It was a more far-reaching victory than the Richmond government was willing to admit. For it was the last stand in a way that the Confederate States made in West Virginia. The retreat took them well down to Dublin, and no rebel army was assembled in West Virginia after that time. That was the turning point of the war so far as the mountains were concerned. When the Federal army returned to Beverly they went over the Seneca Trail and as they approached the top of Elk Mountain beyond Edray they were fired on from the woods by a troop of about sixty Confederate soldiers. Bushwackers they called them. The army was halted and a company climbed up the mountain on the right of the road, and another company climbed up to the pass on the left and by the time they all got to the top, the Confederate company was going down the hill on the other side. But they ought not to call them bushwackers. The most of the battle of Droop Mountain was fought in the brush so thick that all of the movements of the troops engaged were obscured from view, and the issue of the battle hung on a hair.

You might travel the world over and not see as fine a scene as is to be obtained from the battle field of Droop Mountain. You see the mountains, the smiling plain, and the river. There above the clouds are to

be seen in the latter part of the summer and early fall the famous cloud seas of the Alleghenies. Some time or other when West Virginia is willing to devote some small part of her time and earnings to history and her good name, the citizens of West Virginia will make here a park like that of Gettysburg, and other battle fields, and when they do they will have one that excels all of the rest in natural beauty and scenic value.

With the exception of Point Pleasant which has been thus honored there is no place in West Virginia more deserving the attention of her citizens.

### CHAPTER III

*Stephen Sewell in whose honor many places in West Virginia were named. See his cave by highway near Mill Point.*

Word came that the road work at Stephen Hole Run on the Seneca Trail had destroyed the cave in which Stephen Sewell lived in the Indian days, so I hot-footed it down there to investigate the rumor and was delighted to find the cave was still there. The big limestone cliff a couple hundred feet high faces the State highway about three hundred yards distant. It is of the Big Lime or Greenbrier Limestone and many thousand tons have been blasted off the face of the cliff for use in surfacing the road.

The quarry is where the main spring issues and what gave rise to the report that the cave had been blasted out was that at the point the work had been going on the cliff overhung and formed a kind of shelter from a rain, but it in nowise filled the specifications as a den or habitation. It would be like living out of doors. The real cave is set high upon the cliff some two hundred yards south of the works, and it is safe for many years to come. It is not at all likely that it will ever be needed for road work.

Stephen's Hole, as it is called, overlooks the little valley and is a hole in the wall that encloses the whole of the upper part of the valley. It is in a similar position to Cluny's Cage, that Robert Louis Stephenson tells us about in "Kidnapped," which was the hiding place of Cluny MacPherson at the time he was outlawed for the part that he had taken in the war against Cromwell in favor of the exiled Stuart kings. It is in the top of a cliff and hid by the trees and timber.

Stephen Hole Run, or Sewell Run, as it was sometimes called, is a little spring branch crossing the highway a mile north of Mill Point. At this point the road to Huntersville branches off to the east and descends the little valley to Greenbrier River, where it crosses at the mouth of Beaver Creek, up which it goes. This was the old time near cut to Huntersville, in the days when it was the county seat, and the river was low enough to ford. Above the road the run has formed a bog of a few acres in extent, and the bold clear stream that issues from it is from everlasting springs and does not vary much in volume the year around. In the old days there was a well-founded belief that if horses afflicted by the scratches, an affection of the skin in the fetlock, were watered and

their feet washed in this little stream that they would be cured, and it was the custom to bring horses there from the surrounding Levels community.

In the tourist day that is coming it will be the regular thing to halt the car at this point and the visitors will walk some three hundred yards and climb up the declivity that brings them near the top of the cliff and inspect the cave. It will also afford them the boon of the finest drinking water, as cool and clear as is to be obtained in this world of ours.

I have never seen a cave that was so well suited for a habitation as this one. On climbing to the level of the opening, first is found a smooth platform sort of place perhaps thirty by forty feet in size. Next is a great roof or portico which shelters a large portion of this terrace, with an out-curving roof perhaps ten feet high. Then in the wall is a room about six feet wide and ten feet deep, with a low ceiling. A fire across the opening would keep this little retreat comfortable in the coldest weather. Back of this room is an opening of unknown dimensions but extending well back into the cliff. It is very dark there and would not be suitable for living rooms but would be an ideal place to store food and supplies. The front room is fitted with a level floor, and being open to the outer air is in good condition now without a particle of fixing to afford a comfortable place to sleep and take shelter. No stream issues from this cave, and there is no current of air. It is an ideal place for camping and it is one of the sights of the county.

If you have occasion to visit it, follow the path up by an old abandoned sawdust heap. The place is on Dr. H. W. McNeel's farm, the top of the cliff being the dividing line between his farm and that of F. W. Ruckman. Perhaps if you go into the cliff you will be on the Ruckman land as well as the McNeel land.

As is the case of every man who has ever cleared and reclaimed land, I am something of a landscape gardener. As you drive through these pleasant valleys, you should remember that it was the man with the axe whose vision splendid and whole arises. So I see great possibilities in that little cave which has not been much more than a waste place so far. It has been talked of as a place to grow water cress, and there have been some slight efforts to transplant wild cranberries into the bog part of the shut in place. On every side is rich farm land, but the cove has been unused except for some indifferent pasture, which in a section so solidly bluegrass has not been much esteemed. With very little work there could be a little lake formed here of clear pure water. It would be surrounded by beautiful grassy shores and beetling crags would overlook it. There you would have grass, water, and a precipice in close harmony, and it would be one of the beauty spots of West Virginia. The highway would skirt one side of the park, and Sewell's everlasting house would look down on it. It would be just the right distance, eight miles, to make an attraction for the town of Marlinton, and it would be an objective for drives from Lewisburg, Ronceverte, White Sulphur Springs and Hot Springs, Virginia.

I have been weighing the somewhat slight evidence that has been left of the pioneer Sewell. He came here with Jacob Marlin in the seventeenth-forties, both of them long hunters. I am now informed by competent

authority, Hon. Boyd B. Stutler, the historian, that long hunter is not a synonym of a tall man, but was a term to distinguish the professional hunter, who crossed into the forbidden lands beyond the mountains for months' stay, as compared with those who took a week or so for the purpose of providing their winter meat.

He owes his fame like Marlin and every other notable to the fact that his name got into print and was preserved in that way. Owing to this fact he and Marlin have come to be first English settlers of the Mississippi Valley. Their permanent camp was where the town of Marlinton is located and where they were found by Gen. Andrew Lewis. Marlin survived the French and Indian war, and lived to the end of his life here. He married and had a daughter who married a Drinnin, and he has descendants here now.

Marlin and Sewell had the experience of men who are too closely associated. They quarreled and Sewell left the cabin and took up his abode in a hollow tree. The two places were separated by the crystal waters of Knapps Creek. Both the cabin and the tree dwelling were located in the narrow pass through which Knapps Creek breaks through to reach the Greenbrier River. This stream flows between two peaks or headlands marking the gateway to the great Knapps Creek Valley, one a spur of Buckley Mountain and the other a spur of Marlin Mountain. These peaks have never been given names, and it is now proposed to name them Mary and Elizabeth, after Elizabeth Dunlap, and Mary Vance Warwick.

The people of this county have specialized on the name of Marlin, and have allowed the people in a distant part of the State to use the name of Sewell. Thus Sewell is remembered by Big and Little Sewell mountains, Sewell Creek, Sewell Valley, the town of Sewell, and one of the measures of coal of the New River section, known as the Sewell seam.

It is the common belief based upon a tradition, that Stephen Sewell left Marlin here, and moved to Sewell Creek which flows into the Gauley River, and that he was there killed by the Indians. As a defender of traditions, I am sorry to say that I have come to the conclusion that Sewell never lived farther west than the cave at the run that bears his name in Pocahontas County, near Mill Point.

That he lived on the waters of Gauley is due to a statement prepared by Col. John Stuart, the grand old man of Greenbrier County, in the year 1798. And it is based on his report that Sewell moved forty miles farther west and lived on a creek that bears his name. It is not at all likely that Sewell lived on Gauley or any point west of the Greenbrier Valley prior to 1756. David Tygart had to leave the nearby valley of Tygart's Valley River in 1754, and he is undoubtedly the original settler west of the long intervening valley of the Greenbrier.

At the same time, it is probable that Sewell ranged widely and Sewell Creek could well have been named for him. But we have definite history of the time and place of his death. It occurred on the 11th day of September, 1756, on Jacksons River, near Fort Dinwiddie. In 1750, Dr. Thomas Walker, an explorer towards Kentucky, crossed the Greenbrier River at the mouth of Anthonys Creek and noted that he had word

of white settlements higher up on that river. He referred to people living at or near the mouth of Knapps Creek.

The next year the Lewises were settling whites on the lands surveyed for the Greenbrier Company. The war clouds began to gather in 1753. France claimed all of the land drained by the Mississippi. In pursuance of this claim they commenced the erection of a fort at Pittsburgh. Governor Dinwiddie in 1753 sent George Washington with an ultimatum to the French to abandon their claim to Fort Duquesne, to which the French gave no heed. In 1754, Washington fought a losing campaign and reached some agreement with the French at a place called the Great Meadows or Fort Necessity, near Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Later in that year the Indians killed the Files family at Beverly, the first settlers to be massacred by the Indians in the French and Indian war. The next year the settlers on the frontier felt reasonably safe while Braddock was forming his army but even before his defeat in July, 1755, the Indians were killing on the Holston River and on the headwaters of New River. The first effect of Braddock's defeat in this section occurred just about a month after that time, when the Indians appeared at the mouth of Knapps Creek and killed twelve persons and took eight prisoners.

This raid ended the hostilities for the year 1755. But in February and March, 1756, they broke out again.

This was caused largely by the unfortunate expedition led by Gen. Andrew Lewis in the winter of 1755-56 against the Ohio Indians. He marched an army of 418 men clear across the State of West Virginia to strike the Indians in their towns on the Ohio. It is called the Sandy Creek Voyage. It resulted in disaster and the men suffered from want of food and from the cold weather. The survivors got back in March, 1756, but a good many of the party perished in the wilderness. There never was any way to tell whether they perished from want and exposure or whether the Indians killed them.

That was a bloody summer on the waters of New River and Roanoke River, but the settlements between here and Staunton were not disturbed until September, and the pioneers had gotten careless and caused the authorities a great deal of apprehension. It is certain that a big company of soldiers were garrisoned here in 1756, but must have been recalled before August 12th. It is likely that from that time on Fort Dinwiddie twenty-five miles from Marlinton, on Jacksons River, was the fort on which the settlers relied for protection.

The way I read the record is that about September 11th, Indians appeared in the territory protected by Fort Dinwiddie, which included what is now Pocahontas County, and that they raided the settlers for four days, the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, at which time they withdrew with their prisoners.

During that raid they killed twelve persons, wounded two, and carried off thirty-five prisoners. It is practically certain that these persons were killed and captured at their homes, for there is no evidence of any fight at the fort. In fact on September 11, 1756, when the Indians were engaged in killing the settlers in the Greenbrier Valley, the outskirts of the territory guarded by Fort Dinwiddie, the military officers of Augusta

County were holding a court martial to excuse certain citizens from serving in the militia.

It is a fair conjecture that the Indians killed Stephen Sewell at his cave residence on Stephen Hole run. His home was in sight of the war road, and the raiding party would naturally come from the south, and by his hole in the wall. So passed Stephen Sewell. It is presumed that he was not married. He was from New England and had been in the Greenbrier Valley for perhaps ten years or some such time.

If he was not killed in Pocahontas County, he was killed in Bath County, on Jacksons River, but Col. William Preston who recorded his death laid all of the casualties of this raid on Jacksons River, though the chances are that the people were surprised in their homes some distance from the fort.

It was in this same raid that James Mayse was killed and his family taken prisoners. It is also known that when the Indians came back from the raid that they came down through the Narrows and by Marlinton, and that they were closely pursued by the militia of Augusta County; that the Indians were overtaken at this place, and that one of the first things the Indians did when they found they were being followed, was to kill a baby, and its body was found and buried near where the courthouse stands; that when the whites got to Marlin Ford that the Indians were just getting out of the ford and that they had a lot of horses with them; that after the firing the Indians fled towards the mouth of Indian Draft, and that a small boy by the name of Joseph Mayse, riding a horse, was pulled off by a grapevine, and the Indians were not able to harm him, and that he was carried back home, and became a very prominent and useful man.

So taking the rule that when a pioneer was killed by the Indians, and there were thousands of them so killed, the presumption is that he was killed at his own home, it is likely that Stephen Sewell was surprised some morning about daylight at his cavern as he stepped forth to greet the sunrise, and shot down, killed and scalped.

The measurements of Sewell's abode are as follows: The roofed terrace or portico, twenty-nine feet long by ten feet broad, with the projecting roof eight feet in the clear. The hall bed room in which he slept and which could be made snug and warm by hanging a bear skin as a front door, is thirteen feet deep, six feet six inches broad, and four feet and eight inches high over the part used for sleeping with an offset where the ceiling is seven feet eight inches high in a two-foot passage. The place is neat and dry and clean. Just how far back the passage extends which forms a rear room we do not know, but with a flashlight it was easy to see a high passage about two feet broad and very high winding back into the mountain.

Governor Dinwiddie had a fit when he heard of the great losses in the Indian raid of September, 1756. On the 30th day of September he wrote that he had ordered one-third of the Augusta militia out to protect the frontiers as well as militia from other counties, but they are such a dastardly set of people that he is convinced that they do not do their duty. They have neither courage, spirit, or conduct.

I have seen the date of the raid in which James Mayse was killed

given as 1765, but this is an error caused by the transposition of figures. There was peace in Augusta County with the Indians from the year 1764 to the year of 1774, the date of Dunmore's War. It was during that period that so many persons moved into the Greenbrier Valley that there were enough to form a county in the year 1777, and that is conclusive proof of the peace that this valley enjoyed after Bouquet's treaty, until the breaking out of the war over the surveying parties sent out in the early part of the year 1774.

There is not much known about Stephen Sewell's life and character. The subject is one that historians have dodged and if they have mentioned him at all it is only for a few words. For a man who has left his name on so many important places in West Virginia, it is strange that some effort has not been made to make him a well known hero. It is well established that he lived at two places in the Greenbrier Valley, but it is doubtful whether he ever lived farther west, when we consider the date of his settlement here, and the date and manner of his death. Walter Kelly, killed by the Indians in 1774, at Kellys Creek, is probably the first settler of that part of the Kanawha Valley. He had been there at least a year before he was killed. There is no reason for believing that there was a settler in central West Virginia as early as 1756. And if he had been he would not have been killed in a raid on the Fort Dinwiddie settlers. You can take your choice between a stream eight miles west of Marlinton and the other eighty miles west.

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## CHAPTER IV

*Flint Pits at Mill Point. Here General R. E. Lee camped in 1861.*

Being in need of a gun flint, it occurred to me that perhaps Barlow & Moore, at Edray, carried them in stock and I phoned to the store. The young lady who answered the phone, hearing that I wanted a gun flint referred it to the proprietor. A. R. Gay is the Barlow & Moore of this generation, trading and doing business under the old name. He assured me that he could supply the demand and sent me down a gun flint, once a staple article of commerce in these parts but not active for the past hundred years.

The Times office has an old flintlock gun with the date, 1742, carved on the stock. It is in perfect condition. When the hammer falls it falls with great force. It gives a blow like a carpenter driving a ten-penny nail. They do not make such hammers these days. It falls like a thunder bolt. The flint is the tip end of the hammer and it hits a steel elbow which is thrown forward by the force of the falling hammer and a spark is produced by the same motion that uncovers the powder pan. They gave way to the percussion cap, invented in 1820. The flintlock won the war of the Revolution. But I doubt very much that a gun flint could be procured in any store in the United States other than Barlow & Moore at Edray. It is the same store where I bought a set of frizens.

I have never seen a flintlock gun fired and I do not propose to carry

the experiment that far, but it was a great weapon in its day. I wonder if the gunsmiths ever made their flints here? I imagine not, for they were cheap. A flint maker was called a knapper and one workman could turn out about three thousand in a day. For something like fifty years after the use of the flintlock had ceased in England and America, the gun flint continued in trade, large quantities being sold in Africa and in the eastern countries which continued to use the device for discharging the gun.

Flint is very plentiful in this valley but it is not in demand. Our flint quarries or flint pits have not been worked for several hundred years.

The flint that is found here is a very superior quality and is found in conjunction with limestone. The nodules have the elegant local name of nigger-heads. The geologists do not agree as to the way that flint is formed and that gives to us that follow the loose trade of writing a chance to get in some fine work in the way of conjecture. I think it is the same process that forms the fossil. Let us deduce a few things. Focile is the French for flint. When the flintlock was adopted in France they called the arm a fusil and that became English language meaning a gun. And by the same easy deduction our other word fossil. A fossil is formed by animal or vegetable matter decaying and leaving in the mud a cavity mold. The mud hardens into rock and the cavity remains. Then through the pores of the stone the hardest and most minute particles of silicon work their way and fill the cavity and form the fossil and this stone so formed is the hardest kind of stone.

Limestone was formed under the sea, a comparatively soft and porous stone. Cavities were left and these fill with fine particles of silicon, or call it sand for short, for silicon next to oxygen is the most plentiful constituent in the earth's crust.

But us scientific boys are hard to follow, but if you have come this far, please bear with me for a few more minutes, and then take your little hammer and begin to knock on the nearest nigger-head to your house.

This limestone as it forms develops cavities. In this section they seem to have ranged generally in size from that large enough to contain a cocoanut to that of a hen's egg. That is the size of the best quality of flint. Those very large nigger-heads are apt to have streaks through them.

These cavities being left in the limestone, and nature having millions of years to do it in, and abhorring a vacuum, proceeded to fill it up with filtered sand. It can well be seen that those particles that made their way through many feet of limestone, those resolute atoms, would form a stone of hardness next to that of the diamond.

Now take the next process. Limestone erodes and mingle with the dust. Thus limestone soils are the most fertile. The soil is formed. Many feet deep in places. Rich garden spots in limestone regions. But the flint would not yield to the dissolving process. It would last millions of years after the limestone was gone. But in the rich soil these nodules would lie like raisins in a loaf of bread or even form a layer at a certain depth as if the raisins had sunk to the bottom. And the primitive

man like the American Indian to whom gold was nothing, would seize a good big nodule with all the joy of a California placer miner finding a nugget of gold.

How men change! The farmer quarrying lime for his kiln will toss into the discard the precious flint and use the softer limestone.

The other day a party of us went to the flint pits and observed the work of the Indians and the work of the palefaces in the same field. Around the recent working were found large numbers of the pear-shaped nodules. They were covered with a dirt-colored husk, but under this husk was a solid mass of black flint that flaked off under the hammer.

There is something peculiar about the fire in flint. It is the home of the fire. The spark that is produced has real fuel qualities. It is fire itself and lasts a perceptible length of time, not a glow but a burning fire.

When the nugget is first flaked off it is of a very dark color, has a certain amount of moisture and is easier worked than after it has been exposed to the air.

This flaking process is a work that the ancients were skilled in and it meant arms, and tools, and weapons to them. One day when I was experimenting with the freshly opened mass of flint, I took a bone stylus formed from the handle of a toothbrush and shaped out an arrowhead in a few minutes. It was not much of an arrowhead, but if it is ever picked up from the soil it will pass for one for it has the serrated edge from the conchoidal fractures occasioned by the pressure. But I have a more wonderful thing to tell. The flint flaked, and split, and fractured into all shapes and sizes, and I picked up a bit about as big as a silver dollar, nearly square, on one edge, thick as the back of a knife blade and on the opposite edge as thin as the cutting edge of a knife blade.

I said to Parson Cleveland, who was researching with me: "I believe I can shave with this piece!" And so said, so done. I shaved a place on my wrist with a good deal of success. It did not pull but cut the hairs very cleanly and nicely. It can be said that it shaved better than a knife and not so good as a razor. If you do not believe me, ask the parson, or better still, try it yourself.

Then I got the vision of what it meant to the primitive man to have flint. It must have been the highest form of wealth. In the Appalachian Mountains, it would be flint. In the Rocky Mountains, obsidian, volcanic glass. In other parts of the country, perhaps, it was jasper, hornstone, agate, bloodstone, or onyx, but wherever it was used it was one of the chalcedonic group to which flint belongs. But hold on, cut out obsidian from the chalcedony, for obsidian is formed by heat like modern glass.

To the Indian, gold was trash. It was too soft. He had no use for it. He had no iron. Though strange to say the eastern Indians had found out that iron pyrites and flint would make fire, and they used in some places what was the equivalent to flint and steel and tinder box.

To get edged tools that could be used as weapons, as knives, and as augers, it was necessary to get flint, and if you lived far away from the limestone ledges, then expeditions had to be made to go after flint,

or it would have to come to the tribe in the course of trade. The Indians down about the mouth of the James made beads out of sea shells, and this was wampum or money. With it they could trade for flaked flint from the limestone country at the head of the river. And in Crabbottom, at the head of the James River and the head of the Potomac River (and they both head on the same farm) are extensive flint pits from which many a ton of flint has been carried away.

Indians did not wear beards as a rule. They were not afflicted with hair on the face to the extent of the palefaces, and to see an Indian with whiskers was as rare as a day in June. But at the same time without the flint cutting edge the Indians would have presented a hairy appearance. They also shaved the skull, leaving the scalp lock for the benefit of anybody that would take it. And every Indian carried a knife. If he did not have a knife, how could he dress a deer, or do any of the many things about the camp requiring this universal tool? He might bite off the scalp lock as was sometimes done when the warrior was entitled to a scalp and had mislaid or lost his knife. We all find these knives constantly lying around on the fresh plowed field and call them spearheads. All bosh! Who would be caught carrying a spear through the thick brush in this country? Those are knives. And sometimes those knives were worked with such art that they were worth as much in the Indian nations as the fine diamonds are in our nation, and with a great deal more reason. I have seen these knives in the great collections like the Smithsonian that show like fine jewels, and one can well believe that they constituted wealth to the savage possessor.

The gimlet was a common instrument from flint. The gimlets are picked up constantly. The handles in all cases were wood attached to the flint blades by rawhide put on wet and which bound it like iron when it had dried.

The Indians were no mean surgeons, and there are many instances of trephining brought to light by the finding of skulls that have been preserved. In the days of the war club one of the dangers of life was a broken head, and if a gent got a blow on the head that dinged it in, he suffered from pressure on the brain, and he lay unconscious and at the door of death unless the pressure could be relieved. Then came the medicine man and with a sharp bit of flint he uncovered the skull. Then with another bit of flint, he cut through the skull and made a circle and lifted out a bit of the skull about as big as a half-dollar, and cleansed the wound, and sewed the scalp together, and the patient woke up and got well. If I remember the treatise right, there was one skull found in South America which showed that at three different periods in life the patient had been trephined for head injuries. It was apparent that he had continued to fight and get knocked on the head and to undergo operations. As the bone grows and has a tendency to close, it was apparent that the three injuries were the result of three battles separated by years, as shown by the growth of bone.

Catlin says that the Indians used a bone punch to shape the flints and other historians agree that bone was used for the shaping of arrowheads and knives and other manufactured articles. Historians seem to agree, too, that the mountain Indians living in a region where flint

abounded, manufactured large quantities of flint weapons and tools and traded them to the Indians on the seacoast for wampum and shell.

By far the most common form is the arrowhead. It was in constant use and most easily lost. And as the color of the chalcedony varies in the different parts of the country it is interesting to note in finding these arrowheads what part of the country they had been carried from by the human being who last used them.

I have made two visits to the flint quarries or flint pits on Stamping Creek, near Mill Point. These workings are in sight of the State highway known as the Seneca Trail on Tom Beard's land and about a half a mile back of his residence, in a fine blue grass pasture. There must be several hundred of the pits. I tried to count them but I lost my notch stick pretty soon, and wherever I went I found a new set of them.

The most remarkable is that part of the range that has been called the Rich Garden for the past hundred or so years. It is pasture land now, but Uncle William Beard farmed it for a number of years. It is a depression in the hills and a little stream sinks out of sight in the lowest part of it. Though the land has been plowed many times the pits are plain to be seen. At first sight it looks like a place that had been a village where houses had been set close together, walls touching, and under each house there had been a cellar. This little hollow in the hills owes its great fertility to the disintegration of the limestone, and there can be little doubt but that a large number of boulders, or flint nodules were deposited there and that the Indians worked the land to the depth of some ten to twenty feet to get the deposit of flint.

Near by are piles of round river sandstone or hammer stones and the books say that near these flint quarries these hammer stones or nut-crackers are invariably found. M. D. Dunlap used to live on Stamping Creek and he used to tell us that these hammer stones were to be found in great quantities there.

Here was Pocahontas County's oldest industry. Here the red men came from the far countries with their spades made from the antlers of deer, elk, and moose, and staked their claims and worked them and carried back to the flint workers the precious nodules secured by the expedition.

One who knows the geological formation of the State of West Virginia would read the sign as follows. The tidewater Indians would obtain their supply of flint from the quarries in the limestone country east of the Allegheny range, such as are to be found in Crab Bottom. It is not likely that they would seek their treasures as far west as the Big Lime of the Greenbrier Valley though freight tariffs and differentials in the shape of wars and treaties might throw the trade to the Greenbrier Valley instead of to the Valley of Virginia.

It is more likely that the northwest Indians from the counties as far as Ohio and Marshall would find it convenient to send their young men in the country of the Big Lime to get flint.

This seems remarkable that Indians would travel some two hundred miles for flint when they were within two thousand feet of the Big Lime at home, but this is explained that it was two thousand feet straight down in the ground and that they had to follow the streams on the sur-

face of the earth until they found a place where it was within digging distance.

Let us go back to the scientific section again. Indians had no iron. They had a little copper in some distant parts of the country. None here. Some think that they knew how to temper copper until it was like steel. I do not think so. It does not lend itself to that. If it did it would not be copper.

For cutting tools, and general use, they depended upon flint. If they had had glass, it would have supplanted flint to some extent, but they did not have that. So they had to have flint. At the same time that they used flint for the every day wants of the farm, and house, and the weapons, they had another set of tools used, referred to as axes. These were used for flaking the flint in the first instance and reducing the nodules to many fragments.

We have a number of these axes or celts. They are made out of green-stone or diorite, an igneous rock formed by great heat. Volcanic origin. The edge was formed by grinding and the stuff is hard. They are generally called tomahawks, and that is an abused work like spearhead. Tomahawks were war clubs and nearly always made out of wood. Something after the order of a croquet mallet. The axes were used to reduce the flint to fragments.

The importance to the Indian nations of a flint supply can be gathered from an account of a meeting of the common council of the Powhatan Confederacy in the year 1609.

There were present chiefs from the thirty tribes ruled over by Powhatan, principal chief, and King of Virginia by appointment of his royal highness, James I, of England. My grandfather Powhatan was presiding, wearing his crown of good English gold, but I am not so sure that he had any pants on. Probably not. The question of the army and navy bill was being considered and it appeared from the report of the monitor of the flint warehouses that the supply of flint was running low, the main reason being that the Delaware nation who controlled the Crab Bottom flint pits had refused to accept the legal ration of three feet of wampum for one back load of flint, and were demanding four feet of wampum. No flint had been delivered for some months and the customary expeditions had not been set out because of the movement to put up the price of a prime necessity.

Thereupon the gentleman for Pamunkey arose and said that he desired to offer a resolution, that whereas, the Erie nation produced a high quality of flint from their pits in the Little Levels, and that by going by the southern route it was no farther than the Crab Bottom pits, and whereas unlimited loads of flint were offered at the legal rate, be it resolved that the Delawares be told to go to thunder, and hereafter that flint of standard weight and fineness be procured from the Eries, in the Little Levels. Carried with a whoop.

To see the flint pit of Pocahontas, get permission from Tom Beard to tread down his grass, go into the Stamping Creek gateway road, circle the high grassy knoll and there you are. It is a beautiful place, and the workings are well defined and easily identified.

## CHAPTER V

*Marlins Bottom ancient name for Marlinton. Before the railroad was built.*

In 1751, Gen. Andrew Lewis came to Marlins Bottom and found Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell abiding here without families. One had the cabin and the other had a hollow sycamore tree. They were more comfortable apart. During the long hard winter they had tired of the close association and had separated. Lewis came here on the first day of April. He and others with him were working out a scheme to get a foothold in the Greenbrier Valley, on the Indian reservation. The choice places on the Shenandoah, the James and the Potomac rivers had been taken up. Old Virginia was getting crowded. It was an ancient and honorable colony looking back proudly upon its record of progress for one hundred and forty-three years. The white man when it comes to owning land has a modest desire only to own the land adjoining his'. That is all he wants, and what he wants he takes, and justifies himself after the event. The people east of the Great Divide, especially those who attended court at Staunton, knew about the rich lands west of the mountain. They hunted in the forbidden lands. Men wanted for legal offenses found safe refuge beyond the border. And the general spirit of unrest and expansion forced them over the crest of the mountains.

When land was so plentiful in the old days, the custom was established of allowing the settler to take public lands by the acre and to allow him to lay it off in any shape he desired, and the desired location. The Virginia surveys present crazy quilt effect, and even today there are vacant lands that have never been taken, and they are called Waste and Unappropriated.

That word appropriated is a pretty good word for the plan of acquiring land on the western waters. At Marlins Bottom there were six or seven hundred acres of level land formed by the Greenbrier River and the streams that enter the river at this point. Andrew Lewis had the first go at it. Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell belonged to the Daniel Boone type that did not bother to take title to the land they lived upon.

So Andrew Lewis took first choice and he surveyed a boundary containing 480 acres, and went away and left it to ripen into a grant. This survey was respected and the settlers that stole silently into the pleasant valley made their homesteads on Stony Creek and the waters of Price Run, just outside of the 480 Lewis Survey, but it is on the Lewis Survey that most of the thriving town of Marlinton is built, on the oldest and best title in West Virginia, as the saying is.

Gen. Andrew Lewis set his compass on top of the leading ridge that runs down from the point just back of the courthouse towards Pine Crest. At one place this ridge gets so low that Knapps Creek laps the top of it in its highest flood stage but has not quite broken across it. From that point he ran towards Huntersville to take in a fine terrace known as the Hamilton field and then a short line of 22 poles towards

Marlin Run. Then a line of 112 poles, about a third of a mile, crossing Marlin Run to the two oaks at the point of the hill, one still standing, widely known as King George's Oak, the Charter Oak, Member of American Hall of Fame for Trees, and the Corner Tree and so forth. Then he went north on the side of the hill about five rods above the edge of the bottom, to a point up towards the coal tipple, on the upper end of the tannery holdings, or as we called it when I was a boy, the Ingen Patch. Then he crossed to the west bank of Greenbrier River with a line 40 rods long. Then with the river to the mouth of Stony Creek 136 rods. Then to the west to the foot of the hill just about where the Warwick road leaves the turnpike, then with the foot of the mountain turning back in a southerly direction to the river at the island, and then with the river by the county bridge, the mouth of Knapps Creek to a point at the lower end of the McLaughlin or McClintic bottom, the corner of the town of Marlinton, and then across the end of the bottom to the foothill at the C. & O. Railway, and then a straight line through the low place in the ridge to the beginning point.

Lewis and others had a plan to colonize this valley under the name of the Greenbrier Company and that partly succeeded. But the king got suspicious of a description of land that lay north and west of the Cowpasture River. According to his view it should have been limited to the Allegheny for its western boundary. In the meantime a lot of us came in here the next four years and stirred up trouble with the Indians and started the French and Indian war. After they had defeated Braddock, the Indians raided this community at Marlins Bottom and killed and captured eighteen persons. That was August 12, 1755. Lewis had been here in a kind of a fort called Fort Greenbrier just before and after the date of Braddock's defeat, but he had taken some Indian prisoners at this place and marched them to Fort Dinwiddie on the eastern side of the Allegheny.

The king fought all efforts to settle the western waters for thirty years. And the Indians raided, and fought, and slew and tortured the palefaces without cessation, but they could not keep back the constant and increasing tide of white men who broke across the barrier, as Roosevelt describes with so much detail in his "Winning of the West."

Lewis made at least four military campaigns in that time on the western waters. Braddock's war, the Sandy Creek Voyage, the capture of Fort Duquesne, and Dunmore's war.

Finally four years after Virginia had become an independent state, and called herself the Commonwealth of Virginia, Lewis got his deed. Thomas Jefferson, Governor, reciting that Lewis had made composition with the commonwealth by the paying of two pounds and two shillings, he was given a grant or deed for 480 acres of land at the mouth of Ewings Creek by virtue of a survey made on the 11th day of October, 1751. That was on the 2nd day of June, 1780, and students of history will observe that the Revolution had been about won by that time and that American land hungry people were eating a little further back on the hog. Thousands of these surveys and settlements that the king had refused to grant, were perfected in a wholesale way by Thomas Jefferson as governor. And right there and then he got the idea which

he afterwards carried into effect as President of the United States of selling all public lands by squares and sections, and not according to the irregular sides occasioned by the idiosyncrasies of the land-looker.

Andrew Lewis was a general in the Revolution. He was much honored and respected. A tall commanding figure of a man. As the Indian chief said he shook the ground when he walked. He departed this life in 1782, leaving a will by which he devised a great many tracts of land to his children.

The 480 acres on both sides of Greenbrier River at the mouth of Ewings Creek he willed to his son, John Lewis.

John Lewis died the next year, 1783, leaving the 480 acres to four of his children: Andrew, Charles, Samuel, and Eliza. Eliza conveys her interest to Samuel.

Samuel, Andrew, and Charles Lewis sign a title bond to Jacob Warwick, my great, great grandfather. He assigns the title bond to my great grandfather William Poage, junior.

William Poage had in addition to this tract, adjacent land sufficient to make up something like two thousand acres and he cleared and established a large farm at this place. He was one of the charter members of the court that formed Pocahontas County and was sheriff of the county. He was a very large, heavy, fat man, a jovial disposition, and very popular. His father was William Poage, senior, who lived in the Levels and who survived his son. His father was John Poage of Augusta who was a member of the first legislature of Virginia, after the date of the Declaration of Independence, and his father was Robert Poage, the immigrant, who could claim to belong to the aristocracy of Augusta County, by reason of having paid his passage money in advance.

William Poage, Senior, was in Dunmore's war and in the war of the Revolution. William Poage, Junior, was a major of the war of 1812. In 1827, there was a celebration at his plantation and there was a kind of a banquet. Anyway, there was a good deal of drinking. One of the party had a great idea to propose the toast to Major Poage congratulating him that it was his forty-fifth birthday, and that from that time forth he would not be liable to be called upon for military service. This was drunk with great zest and Major Poage got up from the table and walked toward the barn. He stepped on a corn cob which caused him to fall heavily and he so injured himself by the fall that he died.

His first wife was Nancy, one of the daughters of Jacob Warwick. From this marriage there were four daughters and one son. Rachel married Josiah Beard. Sally married Alexander McChesney. Mary married first Robert Beale and afterwards H. M. Moffett. Margaret married James A. Price. The son, Col. Woods Poage, married Julia Callison. My great grandmother Nancy married for her first husband, Thomas Gatewood, and they lived at Marlins Bottom. One son, Andrew Gatewood, was born. He got the Glade Hill farm at Dunmore for his share at Marlins Bottom. His wife was Sally Moffett. Their daughter, Hannah, was John W. Warwick's first wife. Their only child was Mrs. Sally Ligon.

William Poage, Junior, after the death of his first wife married for his second wife, Polly Blair, who survived him as a young widow, with-

out children. For her second husband she married Big-foot Wallace, one of the heroic figures in the history of Texas, a contemporary of Sam Houston, the president of that republic, and one of the founders of that State.

William Poage, Junior, had a number of slaves, one of them was the late Wesley Brown, who departed this life some years ago aged near a hundred. The Poages imported an iron cook stove and set it up as an improvement on the open hearth process. A number of neighbors had come in to see how the invention worked. Wes, the slave boy, had gathered a lot of buckeyes and put them in the stove. When the stove was well fired up it exploded with a great noise and was a total wreck. Wes said that he took to the water birch coverts along the river and hid himself away all day.

Major Poage made a will leaving the Marlins Bottom lands undivided, one-half to Woods Poage and one-half to Margaret D. Price, both infants. Soon after their inheritance came into effect, Josiah Beard as next friend instituted a suit to enforce the title bond and possession and the papers were drafted by an excellent lawyer by the name of Reynolds. The court decreed a deed and William Carey executed it. Then a short time after that the land was divided between my grandmother Price and Woods Poage, my grandmother getting all the lands west of the river and all the land north of Main Street as now located and twenty acres south of that street. The road used to run through a lane across the bottom to a ford in the river at the mouth of Price Run, and the present location is due to the bridge that was built in 1851 at the end of Main Street.

The next move in the title was that Woods Poage sold to my grandfather, James A. Price, his half of the lands, and this gave the Prices 2,211 acres holding in and around Marlins Bottom. My grandmother would never part with an acre of her land and in that way she maintained her position as a woman of property all her life, and showed her wisdom. She had a theory about land that has been remembered to this day, and that is that there was not an acre of worthless land—that every acre was valuable for some purpose or other. My grandfather disposed of his Marlins Bottom tract, the Woods Poage farm, to Dr. George B. Moffett, a well beloved county physician. Dr. Moffett had married Margaret Elizabeth Beale, the daughter of Mary Vance Poage by her first marriage. Dr. Moffett had lived at Huntersville; then at Marlins Bottom; then at Hillsboro. His last years were spent at Parkersburg.

It was at Marlins Bottom that James A. Moffett, son of Dr. Moffett was born. James A. Moffett in after years became the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and was president of that company at the time it had its famous hearing before Judge Landis, when he imposed a fine of twenty-nine million dollars. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the Standard had to fee some lawyers of renown and I have heard that the compensation was considerable. There is not a shadow of a doubt that James A. Moffett was born here at Marlinton. He said so himself and I have stood with him on the site of the ancient house on lower Camden Avenue. And

my father had a distinct recollection of the day that James A. Moffett was born, and remembered wading the river to see the new baby.

The only time that the Lewis title was ever questioned or attacked was in 1828, when Margaret Tharp laid a survey for a patent of 165 acres on Still House Run and Greenbrier River, at Stillwell. This took in the Joshua Kee bottom, and interlocked with the extreme southern end of the Lewis survey of 480 acres, involving a part of that bottom, some twenty or thirty acres, perhaps. Alex Lamb got his title or went into possession of it and my grandfather Price brought a suit in ejectment against him, under the quaint old rule of using fictitious names. The suit was styled Peter Fairface versus Jonathan Badtitle. Grandpa was Peter Fairface and Alex Lamb was Jonathan Badtitle. Lamb lived on the Jericho place afterwards with my grandfather so I suppose the suit did not destroy the friendship between them. Josias Shanklin, county surveyor of Greenbrier County, was sent to make the surveys, and he established the Lewis lines. There was very little variation of the needle for that survey was made so long before the date of the true meridian that one movement of the magnetic pole offset the contrary movement beginning in 1810, if you know what I mean. If not look it up, as I do not have time to stop and explain.

Shanklin was considerable of a surveyor. He constantly refers to Knapps Creek once called Ewings Creek. As a matter of fact he gets the name wrong after all, for it was changed from Ewings Creek to Knapps Creek in honor of a settler by the name of Naphthalium Gregory and it should be Naps Creek. You might as well write Knapoleon.

The jury found for the plaintiff and the title of Lewis was confirmed. It has always been a matter of satisfaction to the people here that when they started in to build a fine city on the banks of the river and in the hollow of the hills, that they had the oldest and best title in the Mississippi Valley to offer to the investor.

Dr. Geo. B. Moffett in his turn sold the southern half of the survey and the surrounding tracts to Hugh McLaughlin, Esquire, and that is the way the McLaughlin family came here.

When the town site was proposed in 1891, as the last of the Virginia boom towns, the title was in Wm. H. McClintic, Wm. J. McLaughlin estate, A. M. McLaughlin, S. D. Price, Wm. T. Price, James H. Price and Levi Gay.

These were all farms. There was no commercial activity whatever. Huntersville was town to us. Edray and Buckeye were the nearest stores. We had a one-room school. In the eighties we formed a debating society to meet once a week. There is where the Rev. Dr. H. W. McLaughlin, one of the great orators of the South, made his first attempt at public speaking, and showed some signs of stage fright. Uncle Sam Price was the moving genius in the forum. We debated one night in the eighties: "Resolved that the county seat should be moved from Huntersville to Marlinton." It was a one-sided, unilateral discussion, no one taking the negative. At Uncle Sam's suggestion I sent the topic and the news of the meeting to the Pocahontas Times, then published at Huntersville. The proposition was treated with silent contempt, but as has been remarked so often, many a true word is spoken from the

chest. Within five years the voters of the county had moved the county seat from Huntersville to Marlinton, where the Prices and the McLaughlins had lived so long in the swamps that they had become web-footed according to a canard of that election.

In the beginning, and down to recent years, Marlins Bottom where the waters meet was a great place for game and fish. The contour of the country threw great numbers of deer into the runways here. Wind-blown sea gulls settled and all kinds of wild geese and ducks. Bear and panthers have been seen here in the memory of Henry Cleek, who is visiting back from Florida. He was kind of raised at the old Price place.

He went one morning to feed the horses early, and his attention was attracted to the baying of hounds. Grabbing a mountain rifle, he went to the river and found in the river near the end of Twelfth Street, a big buck deer bayed. He shot it in the head and knocked it down. Putting down his rifle he waded in and was about to bleed it, when the buck came to life, and attacked him. The boy was able to fight his way to the bank where he was treed in a clump of water birches opposite F. R. Hunter's and C. J. Richardson's residences. And the buck walked about those trees for more than an hour with fire in his eyes, until old man James Henry Price came silently along the rail fence and shot the buck and killed it.

It was not by accident that Marlinton became the metropolis of the Tenth Senatorial District. There are only two low gaps in the great Allegheny, one the Rider Gap, and the other the Frost Gap, and both of them lead into the Narrows, as the Northwest Passage just east of Huntersville was called by General Andrew Lewis. And all the waters from these gaps lead to the Greenbrier River, the first large stream to be reached after crossing the divide.

There is a tradition, which is as worthy of belief as any of the traditions, concerning the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and that is that this is the farthest west reached by Governor Alexander Spotswood, in his expedition west in the year 1716. The trophy that he gave to every member of that expedition bore this inscription: *Sic juvat transcendere montes.* (This he swears to cross the mountains.) I think he actually crossed the mountains, and not the Blue Ridge only.

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## CHAPTER VI

### *One of the Able McLaughlins from the Country of the Seneca Trail.*

One fine day I returned from a tour in West Virginia, having addressed eighteen county teacher's institutes from the pawpaw to the pine. I came home a physical wreck caused, as I verily believe, by my efforts to keep up the heads and the eyes open of thousands and thousands of teachers, with my naked and perspiring soul. Mentally speaking it is a good deal like driving a swarm of bees across the plains and never losing a bee.

I felt too sick to prepare an article, but in a past winter's day I had

prepared a sketch of "An Able McLaughlin" for the West Virginia Review which I intended to submit to mine own people through the Pocahontas Times:

Some years ago I was in New York just after the book of the year, "The Able McLaughlins" came out. We Pocahontas County people seized it sooner perhaps than the average reader because it described our clan of that name so well. In the big city in the marble halls one day I was in society up to the saddle girth and acting as pretty as I knew how. I was introduced to a beautiful lady, a Miss McLaughlin. "Ah," I said, archly waving my little finger, "One of the Able McLaughlins?" "No," replied the lady, "Adam McLaughlins." "Ho," I said, "From the Cow Pasture country!" And it was even so. The world is a small place, ain't it? Way up there above the Mason and Dixon, I met a girl from home. Adam McLaughlin and I were boys together.

This assignment is about another Able McLaughlin, one of the big preachers of the country, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, D. D., Superintendent of the Country Life Department of the Presbyterian Church, recently established by the General Assembly.

Dr. McLaughlin was born at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in the year 1869. He was the oldest child of A. M. McLaughlin and Mary Price McLaughlin. He received some desultory instruction in the free schools. There was a one-room schoolhouse and a four months' school term. He got some inkling of the classics from his uncle, Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Price, who lived on the adjoining farm. When he was nineteen years old he was inducted into college life at Hampden-Sydney College, where he speedily developed into a brilliant student and graduated as an honor man in 1893. Having been chosen for the ministry, he followed his college course with the customary three years at the Union Theological Seminary.

His first work was in Fayette County, West Virginia. He was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hampton, Virginia, during the Spanish-American War. Here he worked with Dr. Calvin Dewitt among the sick and wounded soldiers at Old Point Comfort, which marked a practical beginning of Red Cross work among soldiers. He then became pastor of Liberty and Baxter Churches in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. In 1902, he was abroad making a tour of the Holy Land, the Mediterranean countries, and England. Then he became pastor of the Stuart Robinson Memorial Church in Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained for six and a half year. While here he became associated with Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in carrying on the philanthropic work of the Cabbage Patch Settlement House at Louisville.

He then became pastor of the New Providence Presbyterian Church of Rockbridge County, Virginia, and served as such until the year 1925, when he became the head of one of the departments of the General Assembly. The New Providence Church is a famous institution in the annals of the Scotch-Irish in America. It is the largest Presbyterian Church in the open country in Virginia. It was organized in 1746. It is the principal source of the educational impulse which has resulted in that great institution of learning, Washington and Lee University.

Dr. McLaughlin was married August 31, 1897, to Miss Nellie Swann Brown, seventh daughter of Rev. J. C. Brown, of Malden, West Virginia, and granddaughter of Rev. James M. Brown, once pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Charleston, West Virginia, and a great granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Brown and Mary Moore, the Captive of Abb's Valley. To this union were born nine children, all of whom take to learning as ducks do to the water, who are ornaments to the various institutions of higher education where they have been students. Rev. Samuel Brown was in his life time for a long period pastor of the New Providence Church.

I have got tired writing these statistics and with your permission I am going to wander around for awhile. I would like to bring up the question of how much luck has to do with the lives of successful men. In this case we are discussing a man who picked out for himself the best of fathers and the best of mothers, the best of wives, and the best children. How could it be otherwise, that everything that he did should prosper? But a discussion of that sort of force leads into ways that we know not, and we will not dwell on it. One thing is certain, that something must have been done in his connection that pleased the Lord, for this cousin of mine has been granted a full and satisfactory life and he has not reached the zenith of it.

Great men come from the mountains, and it looks sometimes like it was absolutely necessary for the germ of greatness to find fertile soil, that the subject must be placed in a one-room school in the country.

Let me quote from an article by Dr. McLaughlin, in the "The Biblical Review":

"On the eighth of June as I was passing through Charlottesville, the university town of Virginia, I met my friend the county agent. He introduced me to the teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the leading Baptist Church, who said: 'Yesterday I had an interesting experience. I had seventy-four men present and took a census to find out from whence they had come. Sixty-nine of the seventy-four had been born in the country'."

Forty years ago the McLaughlins lived on one side of Greenbrier River and their land came down to the river on the east side. The farm we lived on, that is the family of Rev. Dr. William T. Price, my father, came down to the other side. The houses were about a mile apart across the bottoms, and when the river got very high the waters extended from one house to the other. The generation before, Henry's father, Andrew M. McLaughlin, had married Mary Price, my aunt, the result of a boy and girl courtship, lasting during the Civil War, when our community seemed to be continually on the firing line. The Greenbrier bridge at this place seemed to be the local Mason and Dixon line within the county.

Andy McLaughlin, when I first remember, was the prosperous farmer of the county. He was a powerful man and a great manager of men. I worked for him a lot myself and I remember his faculty of getting the greatest amount of work out of his men and making them like it. At that time the community of Marlinton did not have even a store. It was forty-six miles from the railroad. The streams were pure and the boundless continuities of shade covered the land. We used to say that

Pocahontas County was the pearl of the Alleghenies, where the men were all true, the women were beautiful, and the fishing was the finest in the world. As a fact we did not know our luck. We hankered after railroads and cities and towns and thought we were shut in. We did not realize that there was a lot of sin and misery shut out.

There were three of us boys about the same age. My brother who is now Dr. J. W. Price, Henry McLaughlin and myself. We were workers in the fields and made a pass at doing all kinds of work. Henry excelled in caring for sheep and he was lucky with them, and any man that can bring sheep to fruition has untold wealth in that quality. We three boys turned our thoughts to matters of public importance. I know that we did not consider ourselves young or immature. We had access to books and periodicals, and we passed on matters that occurred throughout the world with a good deal more thoroughness than any of us do now. We come from a reading stock of people and it was not remarkable that reading being the only connection that we had with the rest of the world that we were readers, and that is why we had the world at our feet.

I think it must have been an unusual one-room school that we all attended, for I counted up the score the other day and out of twenty-eight children, twelve of us had broken into the professions.

The imagery of the Bible likens the work of the pastor with that of the shepherd and those words are interchangeable in the English, German and romance languages. Henry McLaughlin who, as a young boy, knew everyone of three or four hundred sheep by their faces, has never gotten far away from the care of live stock. He owns the Maxwelton farm, out of Lewisburg, and is known all over the world as a breeder of polled shorthorns and Hampshire sheep. He is equally at home in the pulpit and in the bull-pen. He sits with the righteous and the just in the highest church courts and chancelleries. Makes a quick change and appears at the Chicago live stock occasions and talks the language of the breeders.

The McLaughlin home was a big rambling farmhouse by the road. It had been built in three parts, the additions coming as required and there was a lot of porch room. It was a great stopping place for travelers passing on the long roads in the mountains. They would make it suit to stop over night there. There was plenty of room. The barns and stables were commodious. And the long dining table was full every meal. Not the least of our resources in those days was the fine pack of deer and fox hounds. The splendid fishing. By every field there was clear water swarming with fish easier to take than the domesticated animals of the farms. It was an ideal life. Books counted for more than in town. My Aunt Mary McLaughlin, Henry's mother, was one of the most diligent housewives that I ever knew, but she was one of the most delightful readers. She always managed to lose herself each day in a book for an hour or two's surcease from the cares of life, and float away for a brief season to the islands of the blest. Such mothers inspire their children. I belong to the school of thought that holds that we owe our temporal and spiritual salvation to our mothers.

there had to be rules against reading all night, the exception being a concession when the child had the tooth-ache. This orgy of reading was guarded against by limiting the candle power. Sometimes we could beat the rule by demanding that we be allowed two candles to improve the illumination, and then burning only one at a time.

The two families were almost the same as one. One thing I remember with a great deal of gratitude was that I could always depend upon my Uncle Andy's for a square meal, the picking being somewhat meager in the minister's family. Another thing it was the point of contact with the world, and the only one I had. Ministers, judges, statesmen, lawyers, and every class and condition of people who passed through the county were to be seen and heard at that hospitable mountain home.

A. M. McLaughlin was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for some forty years and he made a teaching elder of his son. He bred back through several generations to the highlands of Scotland. He was a Scottish chieftain, and he talked like a Highlander as recorded in the Waverly novels.

As I remember it, the county did not approve of Henry McLaughlin entering the profession. When he went to college at Hampden Sidney, it was considered that a very fine live-stock artist was being sacrificed to the cause of higher education.

It is a matter of congratulation that he has shown the wisdom of the move by becoming a power in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

After he had been at college for a couple of years there came a time when things broke loose at his home. It was in the days of the Virginia booms which were exemplified recently in Florida. Though far removed from the railway, it occurred to some optimistic West Virginians that Marlinton was a very good place for the Virginia fever in real estate to cross the crest of the Allegheny, and the McLaughlin farm was sold for a town site. The great engineer, Mr. Venable, of Charleston, came and laid off the town of Marlinton, and in the excitement the county seat was moved from Huntersville to the new town, and then the bottom fell out and we had to wait ten years for the boom to get under way.

In 1890, the McLaughlins emigrated to Greenbrier County, purchasing the great blue grass farm at the cliffs at the place now called Maxwelton, the place that Dr. McLaughlin owns as his stake in West Virginia. And there the McLaughlins set up another home and center of hospitality. And naturally a church sprang up there, and there the old chieftain and his wife are buried. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. The chieftain chose for his epitaph one line: "A ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church."

Maxwelton braes are bonny, and the name is a compliment to a beautiful lady, Dr. McLaughlin's sister Annie, Mrs. J. D. Arbuckle, of Greenbrier County.

The home place fell to Dr. McLaughlin and it is Maxwelton stock farms, the head and front of the polled shorthorn breed, that makes it a well known name in such distant lands as the Argentine, or in South Africa.

Between a mixed descent of Scot and Welsh, Dr. McLaughlin has more

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One of the faults I find with the modern system of intensive education is that it does not encourage reading. As I recalled our boyhood

of the characteristics of the Scotch in appearance and in traits of character. A big Scotchman, and in the pulpit to the manner born. After he had been ordained a few years, he came back to the old homestead at Marlinton, and preached in the church, and he made a good impression on his boyhood friends, with the power and beauty of his sermon. We had heard about him, but that day we heard and approved his oratory. He belongs in the pulpit.

Another Scotch trait, is his attitude towards education. The Scot knows how to take care of his money until it comes to educating his children and then he will sell the last button from his coat, and with nine children to put through college, he has his work cut out for him. You heard this one about the Scot? He said that he could not smoke a pipe—when he used his own tobacco he packed it too loose, and when he smoked his friends' he packed it too tight.

Last summer, Dr. McLaughlin's oldest son, Rev. John Brown McLaughlin, a theological student, appeared here and preached in and about Marlinton during the vacation and the people received him gladly. It looked to some of us oldtimers like time had turned backward in its flight. He was the same big, powerful, broad-shouldered six-footer that his pa was when he went forth from Marlin's Bottom to work his way up the ladder of fame.

This is a whale of a biography. I have been thrown between the two standpoints of a genealogist and a historian and have not succeeded with either end of the subject. And then, too, we are not to call anyone blessed until he is dead, and at the age of fifty-six, Dr. McLaughlin is just coming into his estate. He is a powerful influence in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the Southern Presbyterian Church at the present time is acting like the old guard of the solid south, that dies but never surrenders. Even our Methodist brethren, who used to stand like a stonewall for the lost cause have shown signs of relenting. As time goes on a good many of us unreconstructed grow less solid from the ears up.

My mind goes back to the days of the tallow candle, and the readers each with his tallow candle in one hand and the book in the other. And I introduce you to Preacher McLaughlin, the product of that school. And here is to his good health, and his family's good health, and may they all live long and prosper.

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## CHAPTER VII

### *Battles of Marlins Bottom and Huntersville.*

There used to be a covered bridge at Marlinton across the Greenbrier River. It was built about 1851, and it was the sop to the Cerebus who was guarding the treasury when great turnpike schemes were being carried out in Richmond. This was one of the bridges that came through the Civil War. Armies marched back and forth over the bridge and it figured in battles and retreats, but as it happened, the critical

occasions did not occur in time of flood except once, and that was during Averell's raid, and then they kindled a fire that my grandma Price was able to scatter.

Before it was torn down, I went across it one morning and saw an old Confed examining the walls. It was my very good friend, James Schisler, of Greenbrier County. He said he was looking for the loophole that he had used during the war.

As near as I can figure it out there was but one time that they had a battle here at Marlinton, during the Civil War, though it was for months at a time a fortified camp. And I never understood the nature of the controversy at that time, and I am pretty sure that none of the local people here on either side ever understood it. All they knew was that there were soldiers stationed at the bridge and suddenly the bottom was full of blue coats and there was much firing and cavalry charging and an awful racket, and the Confederates retreated west and south, and the Yankees went away.

Dr. George B. Moffett was here that day. He was the father of the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the one that the umpire fined twenty-nine million dollars. That president said that the fine did not hurt so much as the attorneys' fees that the company had to pay.

Dr. Moffett withdrew that day. In telling about it afterwards he said: "Well, I thought I had a fairly fleet horse, but with all those bullets flying around me, it seemed like Gizzard could not run at all."

Col. Gratton Miller was here that day. He told us children about it forty-odd years ago. He said that he ran through the bridge and got so much dust in his lungs that he could not run and he dared not stop. "Why could you not stop?" "Because I had to run or get shot in the back." So it is to be presumed that he was moving rapidly.

But after so long a time I think I have been able to figure out what the fuss was about, and if you will bear with me as long as the tale unfolds, I will try to pass it on to you. That is the reason I would rather write than speak. In writing I am not interrupted and I do not suffer from the sight of weariness.

The day that the Yankees and Confederates sowed the bottom with minnie balls was January 3, 1862.

It will be remembered that the war broke out in 1861, and that for a time Pocahontas County was the objective of both armies. That is the glorious year in the history of this county. The strength of the militia just before the war was six hundred and fifty, and yet before June 10th, over five hundred had entered the Confederate army from Pocahontas County. Robert E. Lee spent something like two months here in the summer of 1861, between Huntersville and Linwood. His exact whereabouts during that time can be traced by the letters he wrote during his stay in this county.

There had been considerable fighting in Tygarts Valley as the Confederates fell back before McClellan and Rosecrans. The Federals dug in at Elkwater, and Lee fortified the passes through Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. The Federals had fortified White Top of Cheat Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. Lee tried to get

Loring's army across the Cheat country and they got lost in the wilderness. If he had got that army in behind the Federals who were at Elkwater, it is to be presumed he would have attacked in the front.

It is pretty plain reading between the lines that Lee was worried about not having word from Loring about whether he had got across or not, and sent Maj. John A. Washington with a handful of men to reconnoiter and see if he saw a Confederate army marching up the river by some hook or crook. And Washington kept looking and looking in vain for such a force and got so near the fortifications in trying to discover the lost army that he was fired upon and killed.

Then Lee pulled up and left in the fall and the troops settled down for the winter. The Federals were at Beverly, and Huttonsville, White Top and Elkwater. The Confederates were at Bartow, Top of Allegheny, Monterey, Huntersville and Marlins Bottom. On the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville Turnpike the Confederates had fallen back to this place and farther east. The Federals had been stopped in two severe battles on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, one fought at the fording of the East Fork of Greenbrier River, on October 31, 1861, and one at the Top of Allegheny on December 13, 1861. In addition to that there had been two skirmishes at Travelers Repose, at that same ford, one October 3, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. We had six battles in that one year in Pocahontas County. That is counting the battle of January 3, 1862.

At Huttonsville that winter the 25th Ohio was camped, and with them was Maj. George Webster of that regiment. General Milroy was in command of the forces at that time and he conceived a plan to let the young major have a chance to lead a small army into the Greenbrier Valley by the way of the Old Field Fork of Elk to Marlins Bottom, it having been about two weeks since he found the upper road across the Greenbrier Valley blocked at Top of Allegheny.

Webster entered upon his campaign with enthusiasm and he executed his orders with neatness and dispatch. His little army was made up of 400 soldiers from his own regiment. They marched by the Elk Water fort and there he picked up 300 men from the Second West Virginia, and at Linwood he was joined by a little troop of 38 of Bracken's cavalry. He had loaded up his supply wagons and the army of 738 men moved south into the country of the rebel angels. He started from Huttonsville, December 31, 1861, at 1 p. m. The road follows the Tygarts Valley River to its head at Mingo, and from there it crosses over the Valley Mountain where it strikes the upper waters of the Dry Branch of Elk at the post office of Mace. The road descends a little along the foot of the great Cheat Mountain, whose southern end faces this little valley. The road then climbs again for part of a mile to the gap between Cheat Mountain and Middle Mountain. Then down the long slope by the camp that General Robert E. Lee had vacated some months before. Then down the Big Spring Branch of Elk to the Hugh Sharp place, then across a divide to the waters of Slaty Fork of Elk by L. D. Sharp's store, and then across another divide to the Old Field Fork of Elk, so called from an old Indian field near Mary's Chapel. I remember Dr. Lacy's dilemma when he came to change the name of this chapel, from Saint Mary's Chapel,

about the time it was dedicated in 1888 to Mary's Chapel. The original name did not appeal to the old iron-sides.

The route lay up the Old Field Fork of Elk for seven or eight miles and when Webster's army reached the place that Crooked Fork of Elk turns to encircle the upper reaches of Gauley River, they found the timber barricade cut into the narrow defile the fall before when Lee's army withdrew from the waters of Elk to the waters of Greenbrier. This barricade was a formidable one, for the trees were all cut for more than a mile. I remember it very distinctly. Webster reached this blockade on the evening of January 2nd, and there were so many trees across the pike that he concluded it would be impossible for him to cut them out so that his wagons could continue to go forward without losing too much time. So he parked his wagons there and left a squadron of fifty men to guard them.

He found a path to the left, on J. C. Gay's side of the blockade and he climbed to the top of the mountain in that way, early on the morning of January 3rd.

When Webster got to the top of Elk Mountain on the Gay place he could look down on the valley of the Greenbrier like whatyoumaycallhim looked down on Italy from the Alps. He could see the tents of the winter camp of the company who had started to winter on the Ingen Patch, that part of the city limits now occupied by the Union Tanning Company. Another company (Louisiana) was camped down the river on the west side where the old Price place is. They had cut every tree on the plantation of any size except a walnut and a hickory that the children begged the colonel to spare.

Marlins Bottom was fortified against invasion from the north. The old pike came up a little hill and dropped down to the bridge head. On top of this hill was a cannon. A part of embankment can still be seen. On the east of the river on the bank was a trench for rifle fire extending the length of the Tannery Row of tenement houses, with another cannon styled where there is now a big oak where the road topped the bank from the Marlin ford. These fortifications commanded the turnpike at a distance of some four hundred yards and made the road extremely dangerous as a passway.

Webster marched his command down Elk Mountain through the loyal village of Edray, across the flats to Drennen's Ridge, and down that ridge into the rebel settlement of Marlins Bottom. At or about the mouth of Stony Creek, a mile above the bridge, he stopped long enough to send his squad of cavalry across the river at the Gay place, and they galloped down the east bank of the river and came out on the bottom land and to the Huntersville road, firing and acting outrageous, while Webster's infantry came down the west of the road. The cavalry cutting in behind the Confederates caused them to stampede and most of them made it across the bridge to the west side and they all fled south and west into the woods. This engagement while a very noisy one resulted in no loss by death or wounding on either side.

And it hardly halted the advance of the Federals. They crossed the bridge and advanced on Huntersville, six miles distant, driving before them some mounted Confederates. Huntersville was the county seat of

Pocahontas County, and was located about four miles from Camp Northwest. It had seen some big armies during the year 1861, and when Lee left everything in charge of Loring, the Confederates made Huntersville their headquarters for all their activities in this part of the county.

Webster had left Captain Johnson with fifty men to guard the wagons at the barricade. So now he left Captain Williams and fifty men to guard Greenbrier Bridge.

When Webster arrived at the ford of Knapps Creek at the place where J. H. Buzzard lives, he found the Confederate cavalry on the south side of the creek in a level bottom field with Knapps Creek on one side of them and their line extending up and over a hilly spur that jutted out into the field, the line crossing the turnpike. Webster sent a detachment up the mountain to turn the Confederate's right while the rest of his command marched upon their front and the firing became general on both sides. But the Confederates perceiving that the Federals on the north side of the creek were encircling them, fell back and formed a new line of battle across the pike and along Cummings Creek near the town. The pickets coming in from Marlins Bottom had reported the Federal force to be about five thousand men.

Webster crossed at the ford at J. H. Buzzard's and topped the little spur and finding that the Confederates were in battle line on Cummings Creek, he sent two companies to his right through the woods on the hillside, and the Bracken cavalry to swing far to the left towards the bank of the creek, and the rest of the troops advanced forward. After some firing the Confederates mounted their horses and retreated to the town, and as the Federal troops entered the town from the west side, the Confederates left by the east side.

The number of Confederates engaged at Huntersville was about four hundred regular cavalry, several hundred citizens of the county, recruited the day before, and two companies of infantry.

In the meantime, at Camp Allegheny, Gen. Edward Johnson was filled with apprehension. This was the Kentucky general. An old lady told me that his ears flapped when his horse trotted. General Johnson's scouts had reported the forward movement of the Federals as being 5,000 men, and Johnson figured out that they would circle around by way of Huntersville, Frost, and Crab Bottom, and detach him violently from his base, at Monterey.

The troops at Huntersville fell back to Monterey. The Federal loss was one man shot in the arm. The Confederate loss was one man killed and seven wounded. At Marlins Bottom all that they lost was their wind.

When Webster marched into Huntersville he found it deserted. Not a soul was living there. The courthouse and jail and stores, and houses were all empty. War had come too close to them, and the county seat and largest town of the county was abandoned by its population. It remained in this condition for most of the war, and the soldiers used the Presbyterian church for a camp, and the houses were abused. Windows were broken and the doors left swinging, and an old timer told me that this, the scene of much social life and gayety, became one of the dreariest sights that he had ever observed.

A civilian came to the Webster command and told him that the people had moved out and taken their belongings with them because the Confederate general had told them that if his army was beaten, the town would be burned.

When the town was captured January 3rd, large army supplies were found stored there. There were 350 barrels of flour, 150,000 pounds of beef, 30,000 pounds of salt, and large quantities of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon and clothing.

Not being able to move anything, fire was set to the stores and they were destroyed.

Then Webster turned and marched his men back to his wagons that night in the sleet and driving rain, having fought two engagements, and marched something like twenty-eight miles on foot. That was a big day's work. It took an hour and a half to drive the Confederates a mile, and he was in Huntersville two hours destroying rebel stores.

It is no wonder that the local people did not understand the movements on that day, for the Confederate commanders did not know what was happening to them. Webster's return march from Huntersville was what they had not counted on. They went on the basis that a big army was on the move, and looked for it to go almost any way but back. They figured on a march to the White Sulphur Springs, or on the Central Railroad at Millboro, or to Monterey.

But the little Federal army marching so jaunty with their young commander had no notion of penetrating farther into the strongholds of the Confederacy than any Union army had reached up to that time, and he had swept the country clean as he went along and extricated his army with much neatness and dispatch. The 4th and 5th of January, were spent in marching back from the barricade to Elkwater. On the night of the 5th they were in the fortifications at Elkwater, where they were royally entertained by the soldiers at that camp, and on the morning of the 6th they were in their old headquarters at Huttonsville. They had pulled out on a Tuesday and they got back the following Monday, and it was as fine a little campaign as ever a set of youngsters put over. Maj. George Webster, of the 25th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, Commanding Huntersville Expedition, was there and back again, with all his men and horses intact, having carried fire and sword into a hostile country, and marched 102 miles in six days. And he threw a scare into the Confederates that made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton. Scouts rode headlong in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was.

The same week of the Huntersville expedition, Sutton, the county seat of Braxton, had its awful time. In that town a Federal company was stationed under Captain Rowan. The town was attacked by 135 Confederates. The Federal company retreated to Weston, and the Confederates burned the town and took what commissary stores they found there. Colonel Crook with four companies went in pursuit of the Confederates (claimed to be irregular soldiers) and killed six, and dispersed them in the Glades. On the 30th, Colonel Anisansel organized an

expedition of two regiments and marched them to the Glades in Webster County and killed twenty-two and burned twenty houses. This was about the time that Webster was operating in Pocahontas.

Before Webster marched out of Huntersville that rainy day, he nailed the Stars and Stripes to the top of the courthouse and left them flying, with their bright colors against the sodden sky.

There was another skirmish at Marlins Bottom, April 19, 1864. Capt. J. W. Marshall's company of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., came upon a company of Federal soldiers, identity unknown, and chased them north towards Edray.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### *Battle of Duncan's Lane fought on Stony Creek near Marlinton. Important Services of State Troops to the Union.*

Hearken unto the battle of Duncan's Lane. The story of that battle has never been printed before. It is ignored by all histories of the war. Until late years it was not a subject of frank and open discussion by the people of this county. Time cures all things. There are still living a number of men who participated in that fight, and I have talked with men on both sides recently and after so long a time this historic event, which had been so nebulous, came out clear and distinct and I will endeavor to state the case.

At the West Union schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A pass-way was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swago Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas County furnished one company, captained at times by Capt. Sam Young, a minister, and later by Capt. I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek (Ellis Sharp's) on May 3, 1854, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was dead. Eleven survivors appeared at the meeting.

This regiment had its headquarters in 1864 at Beverly. These state guards were gallant soldiers and were exposed to all the perils and privations of the Civil War. It is not too much to say that they performed service attended by unusual dangers and hazards, and it is a matter of general regret that they were not recognized and rewarded by the Federal government after the war, for however home guards in uninvaded states were placed, those in West Virginia were real soldiers.

In 1864, the Union depended upon the result of the presidential election, as a peace party had set out to defeat the election of Lincoln, and if this had succeeded the erring sisters would have been allowed to go in peace, and the United States would have disintegrated.

The dauntless Averell and his mounted infantry, like a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the Confederates, had conquered and subdued West Virginia for the Union. He was ignominiously discharged in September, 1864. The county of Pocahontas, in the fall of 1864, was controlled by the Confederacy. It was determined, however, by the West Virginia authorities to hold an election for president in this county, and arrangements were made to open the polls at Edray. And the Pocahontas County State Guards company was detailed to bring that election off. They marched on foot from Beverly to Edray, a distance of fifty-four miles, coming in by the way of Elk River, and arriving a day or two before election. It was recognized that it was a dangerous expedition, sending one company into Pocahontas County.

The company camped near the headwaters of Elk on the way in, and one of the soldiers, Washington Neff, obtained leave of absence to visit his wife who was stopping at William Gibson's. Here he was captured by a squad belonging to Captain J. C. Gay's company of Confederate scouts, and was taken as a prisoner to the headquarters of that company, at the farm of Samuel Gay just above the mouth of Stony Creek. That night in attempting to escape, Neff was shot and killed. The prisoner had laid out Private Bennett with a stone and had been shot as he fled near the ford in Stony Creek.

This word had reached the company at Edray. Capt. Sam Young was in command. Capt. I. W. Allen was there, too. Nearly every member of the company was a Pocahontas man. Already apprehensive of the danger of being in the heart of a Confederate county, the death of Neff must have impressed them with the dangers of their position. The polls were opened under the oaks standing in front of the William Sharp house, near the big spring. The soldiers all voted irrespective of age and a number of citizens of the vicinity, and the vote was solid for Abraham Lincoln for president.

Aaron Moore was chosen as the messenger to take the vote into the northwestern part of the State, where the existence of the government of West Virginia was recognized, and the company of soldiers prepared to act as his guard. William Hannah was one of the commissioners of election but he had the uniform of a soldier. It was decided not to attempt to return by the pike to Beverly, the road now called Seneca Trail. The return was to be made by crossing the river at Marlins Bottom, by Huntersville, and the Hill country, by Dunmore and Greenbank to the Staunton and Parkersburg pike at Travelers Repose and across Cheat

Mountain. The company marched four miles south to Marlinton and when they came in sight of the bridge they saw a Confederate soldier at the end of the bridge on horseback. This soldier saw the Union soldiers at the same time and whirled his horse and galloped back through the bridge. This was construed to mean that he was a picket and that he had gone to notify southern cavalry of the advance of the northern soldiers. Upon a council of war it was decided to take to the mountain and make a detour in the direction of Williams River in such a way that cavalry could not follow them. They realized that they were a small company of men in a country that was hostile to them, and that they might be killed by an ambushed force at any minute.

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place, to William Beverage's place. William Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, and a non-combatant.

Here there were bees, and the little army feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a mid-day feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Capt. J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border, was the ranking officer in this emergency; he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home, at the mouth of Stony Creek, all Southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Geiger says that he and his brother, Adam Geiger, were called from their home at Stony Bottom and that they reached headquarters at the Gay farm about dark on the day of the election.

The company was made up there and moved before daylight the next morning, and took the trail of the Union soldiers on Bucks Mountain and found where they had bivouaced in the edge of the woods. They then went to William Kinnison's on the mountain to get some bread but before any could be prepared they heard the northern soldiers' platoon firing at Peter Beverage's near by, and they did not wait for anything to eat.

They hung on the trail slowly which led through the woods for the most part, until they came to the open grass land around William Beverage's, and there they saw the Union soldiers in the act of taking the honey from a bee hive. The distance was about three hundred yards.

The order to fire being given, a volley was let off, the result of which was a general scattering of the blue coats for shelter. Some went to the hillsides on either side of the hollow. Some went down Duncan's Lane, and sheltered in and behind Duncan's house, and some to the knoll commanding the mouth of the hollow where West Union schoolhouse stands and in this way gave battle and returned the fire.

Aaron Moore with the election returns ran up the hillside, and Godfrey Geiger says that he would most certainly have been killed if it had not been that he was in citizen clothes, the rule being to shoot no one not in a uniform.

At or about the first fire, Bernard Sharp, of the Union army, a son of William Sharp, of Elk, and a brother of Silas, Harmon, and Hugh Sharp, fell mortally wounded. He was shot through both hips. Godfrey Geiger says that he was carrying an army gun called a musketoon, which took a paper cartridge. That he went into the fight with three charges and that he would have been out of the battle but for the fact that he got a supply of cartridges from the battle field after the first volley, the Union ammunition just suiting his gun. Godfrey Geiger says that his was a long range gun, and that he saw Captain Young in the passage way between the two parts of the Duncan house and that he shot at him. That Captain told him afterwards that the ball cut away his clothes across his chest. The bullet was recovered after the war from the log where it had lodged.

The two little armies having taken shelter continued to fire at each other for something like an hour and a half, and neither side making a charge, the Union soldiers gradually withdrew and made their way by little squads to the original rendezvous at Beverly taking with them the result of the election.

When it became apparent that the Union army had retired from the place, the Confederates went on down the lane, and came on Bernard Sharp, and carried him to Henry Duncan's house. It was apparent that he was near death, but they sent for a doctor and did what they could for him, but he expired in a few hours.

The Union soldiers wounded were John Armstrong, Moffett Walton, John E. Adkison, William Kinnison, James L. Rodgers, received serious wounds. Moffett Sharp shot in the mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the honey for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bernard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall, slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for

this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Geiger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Geiger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCollam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battle field, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Bucks Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier, being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivors of the affair.

Union soldiers: Capt. Samuel Young, Capt. I. W. Allen, Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corp. John Armstrong, William Hannah, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewing's Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Sheldon Hannah, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L. Rodgers, Aaron Moore, J. B. Moore, Henry Pugh, William Simmons, John E. Adkison, Peter McCarty, James Rider, Aaron Kee, Columbus Silva, Henry Sharp, George McKeever, Moffett Rodgers, Hanson Moore, and Moffett Sharp.

Confederate soldiers: Capt. J. C. Gay, James Shannon, Jacob Simmons, Michael Willerton (one armed soldier), Godfrey Geiger, Adam Geiger, Azri White, Bax White, Charles L. Moore, Mathias Moore, James McLaughlin, George H. McLaughlin, Charles Jackson, Jacob Beverage of Clover Creek, Harvey Lindsey, Geo. Simmons, Hiram Dorman.

There can be no question but that there are many names omitted on both sides. It was not a battle that would be reported in detail to the war office of either country. And though I have known the most of the soldiers mentioned above intimately, it was not a case that was discussed freely in the olden days. It was only when the story of this battle was about to be lost to history that I gathered some of the salient facts in connection with it, and fortunately I was able to talk to soldiers who had been in it.

As a battle it does not rank high in the national issue to be decided other than it had a direct bearing on the election of Lincoln the second time. If he had been defeated, it would have been a long farewell to the greatness of America. But it was not in the plan of Providence for him to fall.

As a part of the travail of West Virginia in her birth throes such contests as these, occurring in the border counties, are of the greatest importance.

I have never been able to understand why the home guards of West Virginia were not pensioned and rewarded like the rest of the volunteer army. To belong to a state guard company in West Virginia and preserve the entity of the state and to assist in every military movement within the borders of the state, was a service of the greatest peril and importance.

I have heard that the troubles in the way of this recognition, was the stand that the all powerful Grand Army of the Republic organization took in the matter. And I can see how a home guard in New Hamp-

shire, for instance, would never hear a shot fired in anger, and might not have the right to as much consideration as the soldier who faces death at the call of his country. But the West Virginia state guard carried his life in his hand during the fourteen months of his active service, and many perished in the discharge of their duties.

The formation of the state guards seems to have released in a great measure the Army of West Virginia for service in the Valley of Virginia and beyond the Blue Ridge. In April, 1864, the state guards were organized and took charge of the danger zone in West Virginia, and in May, 1864, the entire force of the Army of West Virginia, as the regulars stationed in the mountain state were called, were on the move to report to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in a movement against Lynchburg, Virginia, and from that to the end of the war at Appomattox, the Army of West Virginia, fought on the other side of the mountain, with the exception of a detour on a retreat from Salem to Martinsburg by way of Lewisburg and Charleston, from June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The policy of West Virginia for the last year of the war was given over to the state guards, and I feel that they have not been given due credit for their courage and fidelity and efficiency. In peace they seem to have been forgotten, and their signal service ignored. They have not been treated as well as Confederate soldiers, for most of the Southern States have taken very good care of destitute Southern veterans.

The home guard movement should not be confused with the home guard companies formed on either side at the beginning of the war in the West Virginia counties. These un-uniformed patriotic citizens represented the sentiment of their respective sides, and played important parts in the earlier stages of the contest, and they all practically formed or entered regular companies in a very short time.

The West Virginia guards had all the standing of regularly sworn defenders, wearing the uniforms of their country duly authorized by law to lay down their lives for the Union. Unfortunately they became confused with the more peaceful organizations of other states and suffered neglect and ingratitude. Students of history are invited to study the record. They will be convinced that a very important body of Union soldiers failed to receive due recognition after peace was declared.

I am glad to be able to present to you the salient facts of the battle of Duncan's Lane, as an example of what might be expected as a part of the day's work from the West Virginia State Guards who fought a good fight, and finished the course, and who failed to receive the extra compensation after the war was over.

Pocahontas County, West Virginia State Troops:

Adjutant or mustering officers:

Claiborne Pierson, commissioned August 8, 1861.

John Sharp, commission ordered September 30, 1863.

Captain William King, commissioned order of November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

First Lieutenant David King, commissioned November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

Captain Samuel Young's Company compiled from roll dated February 4, 1865.

Captain Samuel Young, commissioned as captain ordered under date of August 29, 1864. (Order Book 6.)

Enlisted men: Benjamin A. Arbogast, sergeant; John H. Armstrong, sergeant; Alexander Atchison, Reuben Buzzard, George S. Cochran, sergeant, Thomas Cunningham, Jeremiah Dilley, Martin C. Dilley, William A. Gay, John S. Gibson, sergeant, Jonathan J. Griffin, Jesse Gregory, Morgan Grimes, William B. Hannah, Aaron Kee, George W. Kellison, John Kellison, William C. Kinnison, Peter McCarty, William McCarty, George W. McKeever, Aaron Moore, Hanson Moore, Harrison Moore, John B. Moore, Washington Neff, Henry E. Pugh, Moffett Pugh, Geo. M. Rogers, James L. Rodgers, Martin B. Sharp, Henry D. Sharp, Milton C. Sharp, Columbus C. Silvey, William Simmons, —— Sines, John H. Simms, P. A. Smith, John U. Wanless, Newton Wanless, William M. Wanless.

Captain Isaac Allen's Company, Pocahontas County Scouts:

Captain Isaac W. Allen, commissioned captain of Pocahontas County Scouts to rank April 4, 1864.

Enlisted men: Benjamin H. Adkinson, Allen Arbogast, D. M. Burgess, John F. Clutter, Clark C. Young, B. B. Garvey, John H. Grimes, Samuel Grant, Robert F. Green, Adam Gregory, George G. Griffin, Joseph H. Hannah, Michael Hass, Kane W. Hinkle, William E. Johnson, John McLaughlin, Joseph Rapp, Esq., Christopher C. Silva, John M. Slaten, David Sullivan, Marcus G. Waugh, Solomon Westfall, Jacob Weiford, Robert N. Wilkins, J. B. Wright, Esq.

It will be seen from the above list that in regard to the Union troops in Pocahontas County during the Civil War two companies were recruited after the formation of the State in 1863, in this county, and that Capt. Sam Young commanded one company and that Capt. I. W. Allen was the ranking officer of the other company. In the lists given above it will be noticed that two names appear in both companies, that of Christopher Columbus Silva and that of John H. Sims. With these exceptions the companies are not the same. This explains the seeming discrepancy of the common belief that there was but one company of home guards with two captains.

The lists here given are more nearly complete than any that have heretofore been published, and they are secured from the department of history at Charleston, but there are names missing. For instance, the name of the late Sheldon Hannah is not listed. He belonged to Captain Young's company. I got his statement last winter. He had stopped on the march to Edray in November, 1864, to stay all night at his father's house on the Old Field Fork of Elk, and on Monday morning he woke up from a good night's rest in the barn to find that nine or ten soldiers of the Confederate army, under Capt. J. C. Gay, were searching the place for him. He was well concealed in the hay and though the soldiers searched the barn they did not find him. He escaped to the woods. That squad of Confederates marched south on the Seneca Trail but did not go through Edray, and Sheldon Hannah paralleled their march and joined Captain Young's company at Edray, and was in the fight at Duncan's Lane.

Nearly all these soldiers have passed on. I knew most of them. With-

out exception they were righteous and upright men, and leaders in the moral life of the county, and as far as I can recall them they were nearly all of them devout men. On account of the division in sentiment in this county, it suffered far more than other counties north and south. In many instances, brothers fought on opposite sides. I remember hearing much about the war at first hand and did not have sense enough to set it down. It was a subject that was avoided on account of the intense feeling that survived the war. A strange condition arose directly after the Civil War. The restoration of civil rights to the Confederate soldiers resulted in turning over the State government to them and for more than twenty years the Confederates ruled the State and most of the counties. I can remember the blue army overcoats that came out of the war which were worn by Union veterans. It used to make the Confederates grit their teeth when they saw the blue overcoats. And I have heard Confederates speak of the coming in of the first grand jury after that war, when the blue overcoats predominated and it looked like a squad of Union soldiers. And it was a day full of sorrow for the Confederates for most of the prominent Confederate warriors were indicted upon charges ranging from murder down. In fact, if you will examine the list of men indicted for murder just after the war, you will find that it reads like a register of the aristocracy.

But the resentment occasioned by the war became somewhat mellowed by the wisdom of the leading men and a condition of toleration was produced and while the soldiers continued to vote the way they shot, it was no more than healthy rivalry, and they worked together very well.

When Private Washington Neff was taken prisoner on Elk in November by the Confederate soldiers he was marched with them to their camp at the Samuel Gay farm on the river above Marlins Bottom. This is where Marlinton is built. Up the river on the west side the farms lay in this order: First the Price farm, then John Gay's place where the fair ground is, and next the Samuel Gay farm, now the Carter place. Above this the bottom land on the west side is pinched out by the river and then for a distance the bottom lies on the east side. Capt. J. C. Gay was a son of Samuel Gay and the rendezvous and camp was made on the home place. Captain Gay was assembling his company of enlisted men and commanding all Confederate soldiers home on furloughs to report for duty, to repel the invasion of the county by the Union company of State troops which had been sent here from the headquarters camp at Beverly to hold the presidential election in 1864.

They captured Neff who had obtained leave to go to William Gibson's to visit his wife. The Gibson place was in sight of the Hannah place. The fields joined, so it is probable that the same party attempted to capture Sheldon P. Hannah.

Neff was marched over Elk mountain under guard and was held a prisoner at the camp above the mouth of Stony Creek. It was a night with a bright moon. Some time during the night the soldier Neff, asked to be taken out to answer a call of nature, and he was guarded by Private Bennett. Bennett was close to him, and when Neff arose, he came with a large stone in his hand, and with it, he struck his guard a terrible blow on the head, and Bennett went down and out, and the rest of the

camp thought he had been killed. Neff took to his heels and got well away, and would have escaped if he had taken to the woods, instead of pursuing his way along the road.

Captain Gay was asleep, but he roused instantly and saw Bennett lying there apparently dead with a broken head and the prisoner gone. He grabbed his army revolver and without dressing and in his stocking feet, he ran down the river bank, through the fields, keeping well away from the road which led along the foot of the mountain. In a few minutes he came to the ford in Stony Creek where the Warwick road crosses and there waited beside a rail fence. The John Gay farm house and buildings lay on the road between where he waited and the camp that he had left. In a short time the watch dogs at John Gay's barked and that gave the Confederate intimation that the escaped prisoner was coming.

When Neff came up to where the captain was waiting for him, he was given the command to surrender but instead of that he reached to the ground and came up with another stone, whereupon he was shot and killed.

By this time there was a terrible war cloud hanging over Edray district. A pitched battle was imminent to be fought by boys who had grown up together and who had been schooled for four intensive seasons in civil war. Neff was buried where he fell. I have been trying to find out whether his body was removed to the Federal cemetery at Grafton, as some say, or whether he still sleeps where he fell. I own the land at that point, and if the soldier is still there I want to put a marker over his tomb. Sheldon P. Hannah told me last winter in an interview that the body was not removed after the war, and he had good reason to remember the occurrence. The place where Neff is buried is in the woods, and we ought to find out about this before the land is ever used or cleared.

By the way, on the main Gay farm a son of Captain Gay and a daughter of Sheldon P. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gay, are living with a fine family of children, and that is one sign that the bitterness of the war has passed.

That terrible night of the killing of Neff, Captain Gay rode to Mill Point and woke Dr. Wallace up. This was eleven miles distant. Dr. Wallace heard a faint tapping on the window. Captain Gay said: "An escaping prisoner has been killed. My man Bennett is badly wounded. Where is the camp of my men down here. I must find them and get Bennett and the rest of them out of the way before we are raided tomorrow."

Dr. Wallace told him that the men were in a secluded place on Greenbrier River near Chicken House Run, now Watoga, and Captain Gay went there and found a squad of men who went back with him, and there they buried Washington Neff and recruited the company that fought the battle of Duncan's Lane. I think the chronology of the events are about as follows: Monday, November 4, 1864, State troops arrived at Edray, and on the same day Neff was taken prisoner and brought to Greenbrier River, and killed while escaping. On Tuesday, November 5, 1864, the election was held at Edray. On Wednesday, November 6, 1864, on the

first anniversary of Droop Mountain the battle of Duncan's Lane was fought.

"In these woods' enchanted hall,  
Unseen hands thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,  
Dream of battle fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking."

It is the experience of men of mature years, to feel regret that they did not inquire more closely into the facts and circumstances surrounding heroic events, when the time comes that such history becomes vague and shadowy. None of us seem to have the right sense of proportion. And even as I record this propensity to neglect current events that will be so eagerly sought in future years, it would be well to mention, that right now there are more interesting things bound up in the inarticulate soldiers of the World's War, than any other event that has ever occurred locally.

Several hundred of the young men of this county, and every county in the United States went on the Grand Tour to the other hemisphere, and stilled the tempest of war that was raging and which threatened to engulf and destroy the whole of Christendom. Compared to the American Expedition, the Crusades amounted to no more than a Sunday School picnic. And yet you could not get the color out of the soldiers with a corkscrew. I am inclined to think that after the survivors of the World War have turned their fiftieth milestone in years, that the great deep will be broken up, and that they will become loquacious and tell what they saw and what they did. Just now their faces are turned toward the future. We will have to wait until they turn their faces toward the past.

A hundred years from now, historians will wonder what the writers of today were like who talked to these soldiers and recorded so few of the intimate details of army life. There never was but one Plutarch and there may never be one again.

And just now, we are running up against an historical problem. The State engineers in changing the grade of the Seneca Trail ran the line through the cemetery containing the remains of the soldiers of Robert E. Lee's army which was encamped on Middle Mountain and Valley Mountain in the summer of 1861. All summer the armies faced each other on this pike. McClellan entrenched below Elkwater, with his line extending back to Beverly, and Lee facing him with his line of supplies extending back to Huntersville. They never gave battle, but the summer was cold and wet and the soldiers not hardened to camp life, and they died in great numbers from typhoid and pneumonia. Soldiers far from their homes. Men from far Southern States. E. S. Gatewood, a son of the late Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, an officer of the Confederate army, on whose farm the burial place is located, made a vigorous protest against the location of the grade so far as it disturbs this burying ground.

## CHAPTER IX

*The English Colony at Mingo. A part of the Legion that never was listed.*

There's a legion that never was listed,  
It carries no colours or crest,  
But, split in a thousand detachments,  
Is breaking the road for the rest.  
Our fathers they left us their blessing—  
They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed:  
But we've shaken the Clubs and the Hesses  
To go and find out and be damned,  
    Dear boys!  
To go and get shot and be damned.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers).  
To our wholly unauthorized horde—  
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,  
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad.  
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,  
For the steamer won't wait for the train,  
And the Legion that never was listed  
Goes back into quarters again.

—From *The Lost Legion*.

Why I can remember when the name of Rudyard Kipling was unknown! I remember how hard it was to assimilate the name. Some said they could not remember the name but it sounded like Woodyard Kindling to them. But he came to the real readers like a meteor across the sky.

We know what Kipling thought of Bhegwan Dass, the bunnia, who lived near Taksali Gate, but we do not know what Mr. Dass thought of Kipling.

My active interest in Englishmen dates from one hot day in hay harvest when I came in to dinner. The mail had brought a letter from England. In an educated hand, hard to read, the writer of the letter said that he was a man just through college, of athletic turn, with a thousand pounds capital, who would like to obtain a footing in the United States. We wrote him to come and see for himself.

About the first of September he came with his boxes driving through from Belington in a spring wagon he had chartered there; a little drive of seventy miles. He had lost his way and suffered extortion. The right way would have been to come to Millboro, Virginia, where he could have got here in forty-six miles and his boxes could have come by the covered wagon trains that ran winter and summer.

But he found comfortable quarters and an understanding people, used to Englishmen. He even found a countryman already stopping here. The first evening they made a bet. The new man bet the salted man

that he, the tenderfoot, would catch a hundred bass before winter set in, and by the way he won the bet, to the astonishment of all of us.

We knew how to deal with the English. Three cardinal rules: Ask no prying questions, give him a bed to himself, and a small hand tub to bathe in, and the world is his.

It was in this way, thirty-four years ago, that James Henry Gilchrist Wilson arrived at Marlins Bottom, Pocahontas County, where it was destined that he spend the rest of his life. I remember him with gratitude and affection. To know him was a liberal education in itself. He was just out of Oxford, Christ College. He had the distinction of being a double first. I will not insult your intelligence by explaining what an Oxford double first is, but it is a wonderful attainment for a student. He played for that university on the rugby team at football. He played as an international. He played for his native county of Yorkshire. You can find his football record in the Blue Book. He had rowed for his university against Cambridge. He was a mighty man with whiskers on his hands, and the mountaineers received him gladly. About eight hundred years ago when the Scots were making it interesting for England, the King of England said of Yorkshire: "The Wilson seals the border." He was of a family of scholars. One brother who came here to see him was the head of a big school for boys in the Isle of Man. Another brother was a successful barrister in London. He got stuck with a horse the day after he arrived. A kind of an outlaw among horses, heavy on his feet and with a mean disposition. Wilson changed his name to Satan. Afterwards he became an expert with horses. He acquired Toby, the beautiful sorrel, and the famous dog Major, and the trio were known and welcomed far and wide. Years after, Wilson having found a way out, I packed up his effects to send back to his people. One of the things that he had saved was a lock of Toby's hair.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for a deeper insight into the English language. He did not write and he did not make speeches, but his words fitly spoken were like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

About the same time the great blue grass plains around Mingo Flats filled up with the bull dog breed. There were about thirty of them over there, each one from a stately home in England. Now an Englishman fights against ennui all his lifetime, and the greatest resource that he has is out-door sport. So they educated us in the sports of England. The first golf course I ever saw was at Mingo, about 1891. They taught us to play cricket, tennis, polo, cribbage, and gave us an insight into steeple-chases, paper chases and fox hunting, but the game that took like wildfire was football. We were a shut in people in those days, far from the railroad, and the maddening crowds ignoble strife. Mingo was twenty-seven miles distant, a comfortable horseback ride, and every boy by some hook or crook managed to have a horse to ride. The best polo pony that I ever saw was Latimer Tuke's gray mule.

One of the best things that we learned from the English was that it was the proper thing to respond instantly and agree to play in any game at any time to the best of our skill and ability. They got us so that we would try anything, and we found that we could hold our own.

They tried us a little high one time, however. Marathon races came in and a challenge came from Mingo for a marathon race from Jimmy Hebden's front porch on Valley Mountain to the Greenbrier Bridge, as near twenty-five miles as we could lay off the course. The route is now a part of the Seneca Trail you hear so much about. It lies over two mountains. As the day approached and training went on, our athletes at Marlinton began with one accord to make excuses, for twenty-five miles is a long run. Our entries dwindled down to one, but Mingo was in no better shape, for they found that they would have but one entry. For Marlinton, my brother, Dr. Norman R. Price, who has since won the rank of major in the army, was the only entry. S. E. L. Grews, a splendid gentleman, a son of an English colonel, was the other entry. A phone line had been recently built into the county and we could keep tab on the race. I was the timekeeper and waited at this end. The two boys raced too much at the start and made the first twelve miles in an hour, but just at two hours and fifty-nine minutes Grews came in, winning. The impression that flashed to me when I saw him come bounding in over the crest of the last hill just before he reached the goal, was that of a deer run to its death by hounds coming into a deer stand, a sight that I was accustomed to in those days. I gathered him up and wrapped him up and took him to my home and he tried to drink up everything on the place. All the milk, and all the cold tea, and all the water in the well. Another doctor brother of mine was raising sand about it and had gone out to meet our racer and flagged him in much distress four miles out and restored him. Grews went home with death in his face, and in a few weeks, he fell dead, absolutely run to death, as was the young soldier who brought the news of the victory of the Greeks over the Persians on the plains of Marathon.

The life of the party in those days was Arthur Lawson. At the time he came here, his father Sir Wilfred Lawson, was at the height of his fame as a parliamentary leader in England. If I remember correctly, he was the leader of the temperance movement and an advocate of peace. He was seventh baronet. His oldest son visited here, one of the most silent men, Clem Shaver not excepted, that I have ever known. We also had a visit from a sister, Mrs. Holland Hibbets, and her daughter. Mrs. Holland Hibbets, was one of the brightest and fairest ladies of the land. Mr. Holland Hibbets was a great railway director in England and was here to attend that international railway congress held some twenty-odd years ago. They were the guests of the Stuyvesant Fishes in New York, and the Prices in Marlinton. I do not know how the Stuyvesant Fishes played up to them, but we put the best foot foremost at our house. The word has been grapevined through of late years that Arthur Lawson has succeeded to the title, since the great war. I have had no occasion to verify this until this time, and do not now have the opportunity. Anyway whether he has it or not is immaterial for he was a nobleman de facto every day in the year.

He used to furnish us oceans of copy for the Pocahontas Times, and it was brilliant. I remember one time he went away for a couple of months. He was doing Canada as it afterwards appeared. One day he showed up on the snowy road with a big Irish wolf hound, out of the